

THE Shadow

DYNAMITE 3

GARTH ENNIS • AARÓN CAMPBELL



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DO YOU
HAVE ANY IDEA
HOW HIGH THIS
BOSS?



I HEARD A RUMOR THE
LEADER AUTHORIZED THIS ONE
PERSONALLY. CAN YOU BELIEVE
THAT? THE MAN HIMSELF.

MM?

YOU AND I,
GREGORI, ARE ON
A MISSION NOT JUST
FOR THE GLORY OF
MOTHER RUSSIA-NOT JUST
AT THE BEhest OF THE
POLITBURO-BUT UNDER THE
DIRECT COMMAND OF
THE GREAT ARCHITECT
OF COMMUNISM...

MM-HM.

IF WE CAN BRING THIS OFF,
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT COULD
MEAN FOR ME? FOR, FOR US?

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT.
NOW, GREGORI, THIS IS THE
KIND OF THING THAT MAKES
CAREERS. YOU MARK MY
WORDS. MY FRIEND!

SHIT!

THE Shadow IN THE FIRE OF CREATION

PART THREE



WHAT ARE
YOU IDIOTS DOING
IN THERE? FLY
THE GODDAMNED
THING!

NO! NO!
THIS ISN'T
FAIR!
THIS
CAN'T BE HOW IT
ENDS FOR--

AND THAT
TAKES CARE
OF THAT...

YOU NEVER
CEASE TO AMAZE ME,
KONDO. THE INTELLIGENCE
YOU GATHER IS REMARKABLE.
YOU MUST HAVE PEOPLE
EVERYWHERE...

I TRY.
LET'S SEE,
WHERE ARE WE
NOW?



THE RUSSIANS: DODVIDANIA,
COMRADES. THE GERMANS:
I MADE A TENTATIVE APPROACH
TO THEIR PARTY WHEN THEY
ARRIVED, BUT THE RESPONSE
WAS BARELY LIKEMIN.

AND THE BRITISH... WILL PROBABLY
SIDE WITH THE AMERICANS, SO LONG
AS IT SUITS THEM. ALL THE SAME, WE
UNDERESTIMATE THAT NATION OF
PIRATES AT OUR PERIL.

THEY'RE WHITE AND WE'RE
NOT. THE FUNKER'S RACIAL
OBSESSIONS SEEM TO HAVE
STRUCK A CHORD WITH
HIS PEOPLE.

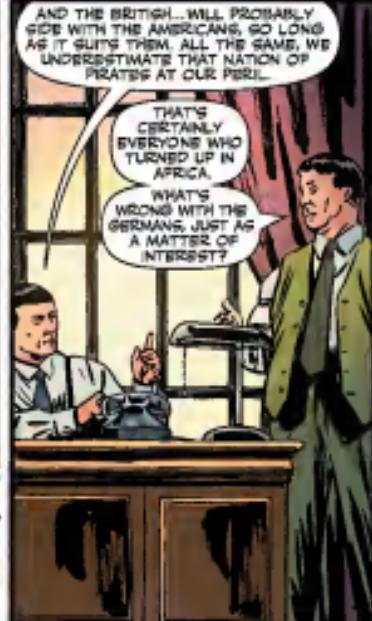
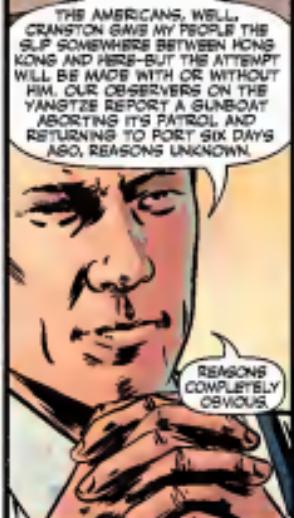
THE AMERICANS, WELL,
CRANSTON GAVE MY PEOPLE THE
SLIP SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HONG
KONG AND HERS--BUT THE ATTEMPT
WILL BE MADE WITH OR WITHOUT
HIM. OUR OBSERVERS ON THE
YANGTZE REPORT A GUNBOAT
ABORTING ITS PATROL AND
RETURNING TO PORT SIX DAYS
AGO. REASONS UNKNOWN.

REASONS
COMPLETELY
OBVIOUS.

THAT'S CERTAINLY
EVERYONE WHO
TURNED UP IN
AFRICA.

WHAT'S
WRONG WITH THE
GERMANS, JUST AS
A MATTER OF
INTEREST?

NO MATTER.
WE ALL HAVE
OUR PARTS
TO PLAY.



TWO O'CLOCK, BUFFALO WONG SHOULD BE HERE SOON. DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL SMELL HIM LONG BEFORE YOU SEE HIM.

HNHMPH!

COME ON, GENERAL, YOU KNOW HOW TO HUMOR THE LOCAL WOGS.

MY LOATHING OF THIS CHARACTER GROWS BY THE MINUTE. HE'S EFFECTIVELY GOT US IN A BIDDING WAR WITH THE REST OF THEM. HE WANTS TO AUCTION OFF THE FUEL FOR THIS SPIRIT-WEAPON LIKE IT WAS A NAG BOUND FOR THE GILB FACTORY...

A BIDDING WAR THAT WE HAVE ALREADY WON, REMEMBER.

ISN'T IT SUPPOSED TO BE MORE OF A DEATH RAY THING, LIKE THEY HAVE IN THE AMERICAN PULPS? SO WE COULD BURN DOWN THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE FROM THE CENTRE OF TOKYO, SAY?

I DON'T KNOW, I LEAVE THAT SORT OF THING TO THE SCIENTISTS.

THE POINT IS, NO ONE ELSE WOULD HAVE EVER KNOWN THIS STUFF WAS HERE IF WONG HADN'T PUT THE WORD OUT ABOUT IT. NOW WE'VE GOT KRAUTS, NANS, YANKEES AND BRITS ALL TRIPPING OVER EACH OTHER—ALL RIGHT, NOT THE IVANS, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

I HATE THIS GODDAMNED PLACE, KONDO. THE SOONER THE JOB IS DONE AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY HOME, THE BETTER.

JUST IMAGINE THE MOMENT WHEN YOU CUT OFF WONG'S HEAD WITH YOUR KATANA, GENERAL.

HAPPY THOUGHTS FOR HAPPY TIMES.



THE BANDIT WONG HAS BEEN UNCHARACTERISTICALLY QUIET SINCE HE MADE HIS INITIAL APPROACH TO THE VARIOUS GOVERNMENTS, WHICH LEADS ME TO SUSPECT THAT KONDO'S BID HAS CARRIED THE DAY.

THE TWO GO BACK A LONG WAY: THEY'VE MADE A LOT OF MONEY TOGETHER OVER THE YEARS.

KONDO'S GENIUS LIES IN HIS USE OF INFORMERS, WHICH IS WHY I'VE BEEN KEEPING A LOW PROFILE SINCE I ARRIVED HERE. BUT TONIGHT I'VE BOOKED A TABLE FOR TWO AT THE WHITE TIGER CLUB, WHERE LITTLE EVER GOES UNNOTICED.

ALL BEINGS WELL, WORD WILL REACH KONDO AND HELL SEND ASSASSINS— I DON'T WED BE LUCKY ENOUGH THAT HE'D COME HIMSELF. I'LL QUESTION ONE OF THESE KREELINGS AS TO HIS LOCATION, THEN ELIMINATE HIM.

AND YOU GO BACK A LONG WAY WITH THEM...

WAIT A MINUTE. I NEVER AUTHORIZED ANY OF THAT! AND HOW ARE YOU GOING TO QUESTION A—

WITHOUT KONDO, THE JAPANESE VENTURE SHOULD BECOME PATTELLY DISORGANIZED. CAPTAIN LLOYD, IF YOU COULD HAVE THE SANTA ROSA STANDING BY FOR AN EARLY DEPARTURE TOMORROW...

WILL DO.

HEY! YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM ME, NOT HIM!

SO WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

I GUESS IF YOU COULD COULD HAVE THE BOAT READY FOR AN EARLY DEPARTURE...











EMPEROR HIROHITO OF NIPPON IS A GOD—
HE RULES IMPERIAL JAPAN. HE RULES THE
CONQUERED TERRITORIES OF THESE
BENIGHTED WASTES—

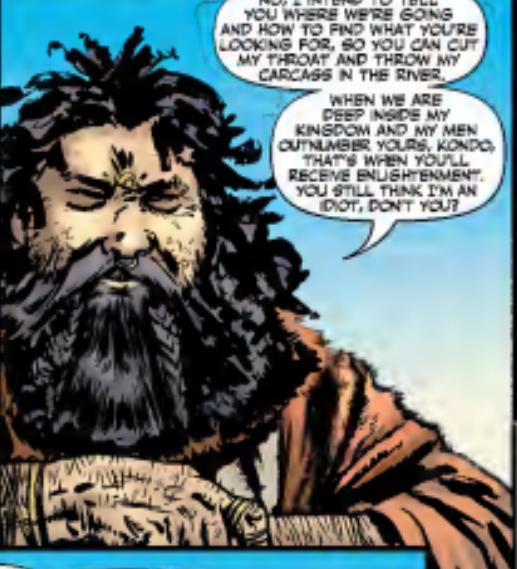
ORRRGGHHH!

APLOGIES,
GREAT SIR GENERAL
TOO MANY PEPPERS IN
THE WON TON.

HAI HAI!
HA HA HA
HA HA!

HIS
HEAD, YOUR
KATANA.

WONG,
YOU INTEND TO
GUIDE US THERE
YOURSELF?



NO, I INTEND TO TELL
YOU WHERE WE'RE GOING
AND HOW TO FIND WHAT YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR, SO YOU CAN CUT
MY THROAT AND THROW MY
CARCASS IN THE RIVER.

WHEN WE ARE
DEEP INSIDE MY
KINGDOM AND MY MEN
OUTNUMBER YOURS, KONDO,
THAT'S WHEN YOU'LL
RECEIVE ENLIGHTENMENT.
YOU STILL THINK I'M AN
IDIOT, DON'T YOU?



WONG,
OLD FRIEND...

THE
AMERICANS
THOUGHT I WAS
AN IDIOT.



WONG,
OLD FRIEND...

THE
AMERICANS
THOUGHT I WAS
AN IDIOT.

"WE'RE JUST TAKING SOME SAMPLES... ROCKS FOR MUSEUMS, NOTHING OF ANY REAL VALUE... THANKS FOR LETTING US HAVE A FOGE AROUND, ENJOY THE MONEY... YES, LOOK AT THE PRETTY SILVER COINS..."

SAMPLES IN A CHAINED UP STRONGBOX, A DOZEN ARMED GUARDS, EVEN THE SCIENTISTS CARRYING AUTOMATIC PISTOLS. HMM.

AND YOU PLIED THEM WITH FINE WINE AND BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, AND THEY TOLD YOU THE TRUTH?

CLOSE.



"THEY WERE LOOKING FOR THEIR MAGIC ROCKS—I KILLED THE ONE WHO SAID MAGIC ROCKS ON THE SPOT, BUT I SUPPOSE HE WAS JUST TRYING TO MAKE IT EASY FOR ME. THE FUEL FOR THIS HEAVEN-FIRE GUN OF THINE, OF COURSE."



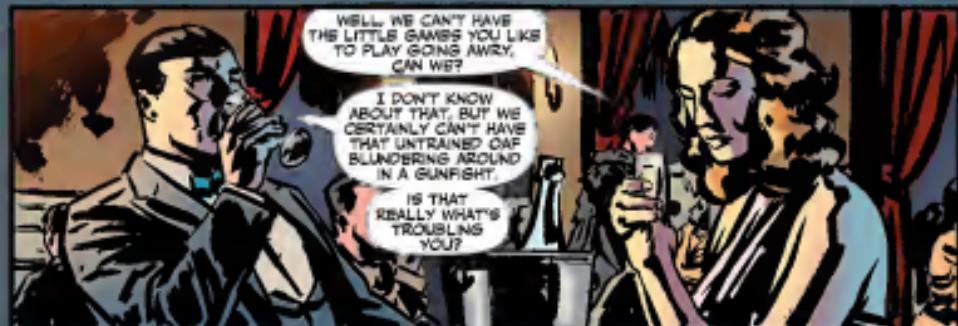
"I GOT THEM TO WRITE EVERYTHING DOWN—EXCEPT THE EXACT PLACE—AND SENT IT WITH A CHUNK OF ROCK TO AN AMERICAN STATION ON THE YANGTZE."

AND ONE TO THE BRITISH IN HONG KONG... AND ONE TO THE RUSSIANS IN VLADIVOSTOK...

AND ONE TO MY GREATEST FRIENDS OF ALL...

OH, YES.
US.





AS OPPOSED TO WHAT?
BURNING A WOMAN ALIVE AND
WATCHING HER DIE IN FRONT
OF MY EYES?

YOU DID SAY
SOMETHING ABOUT
DOING YOUR
SHARE...



GOD,
YOU'RE A
BASTARD...

MISS LANE,



YOU'VE DESPATCHED A
THUG HERE, A WHOREMASTER
THERE. YOU HAVE CONFRONTED
EVIL. BUT YOU ARE STILL
THINKING ON FAR TOO SMALL
A SCALE.

THIS TIME, WE ARE
ENGAGED IN MORE THAN
SOME GAME OF INTRIGUE IN
THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD.
THIS TIME WE FIGHT WITH THE
FATE OF MILLIONS HANGING IN
THE BALANCE, AND THE KILLING
WILL NOT END WITH A SINGLE
ABWEHR SLUT.

THIS TIME,
WE ARE AT
WAR.

DO I
MAKE MYSELF
COMPLETELY
CLEAR?

YOU'RE...
HURTING MY
WRIST...

THEY'VE
COME.









WHERE
WERE YOU TOLD
TO MEET TARO
KONDŌ?



WH...











...THAT WOULD BE TOO MUCH TO HOPE FOR, BUT THE DELAY WILL GIVE US A GOOD HEAD-START.



REALLY?
HMM

HOW OLD?

**TO BE
CONTINUED**